



DEC. NO. 53



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

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PDC

AUTHORIZED
ACMP

COMICS
AND
COMIC
BOOKS

LEV GLEASON PUBLISHER AND EDITOR





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Come on, Buddy, Quit being a BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY **YOU Can do ALL I did!**

I gained **25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH** for money-making work!
for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won **NEW POPULARITY** Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

Hi
Pal!
Win
\$100
as I just did!



"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Every-body admires his build."

says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"



You'll be a Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These **5** PICTURE-PACKED HE MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE
AFFORD \$1 PRICE GOES BACK
Millions Sold for \$1



GET ALL 5 FREE

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!



JIM NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton
He says, I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle



COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY in YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you lackle

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. LG-410
Tell Me How to WIN \$100, etc.

Write to:
Jim Norman
141 Main
St. Louis
Mo. 63103
Please Enclose
Sufficient

JOHN LUCKUS
126 1/2 W. 11th AVE., NEW YORK 1, N.Y.
Dear Gents: Please mail to me (Bill) Jim's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip 4. How to Build a Mighty Back 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. How all in the Volume: How to become a Mighty HE-MAN. ENCLOSURE TWO FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING AND C.O.D.!!

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!



You'll LOOK, FEEL, ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity.

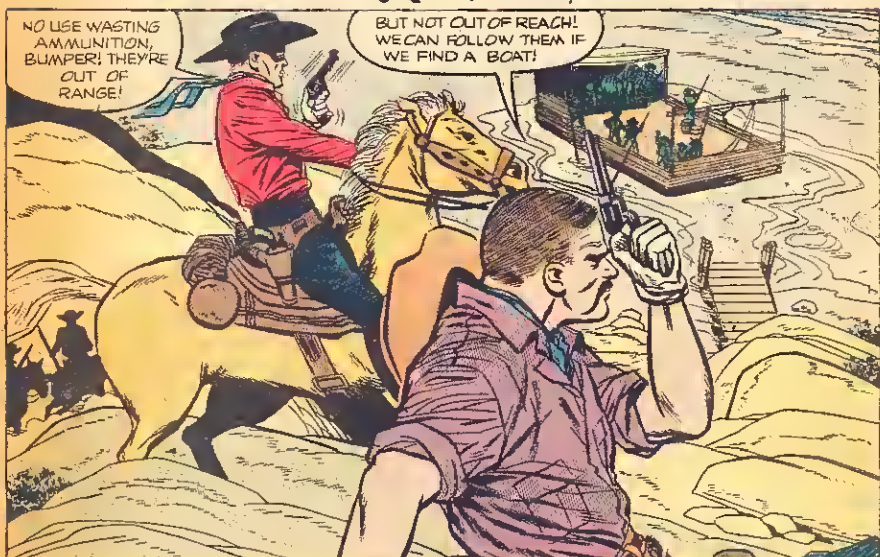
This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN is published bi-monthly by LEY GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC., 113 E. 32nd St., New York 18, N. Y., Leverett S. Gleason, Publisher; E. A. Piller, Advertising Director, Editorial and business offices at 114 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y., U.S.A. Advertising office, 28 E. 1st St., Mount Vernon, N. Y. Incorporated as second class matter April 6, 1953 at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Syracuse, N. Y. Single copies 14c; yearly subscription in U. S. & 8c. Copyright 1954 by LEY GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC. Printed in the U.S.A., Dec., 1953, Vol. 1, No. 58. The publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. Manuscripts accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes will be returned. SALE OR DISTRIBUTION OF COVERLESS COPIES OF THIS MAGAZINE IS UNAUTHORIZED AND ILLEGAL.

BLACK DIAMOND

IN "TERROR ISLAND"



NO USE WASTING AMMUNITION, BUMPER! THEY'RE OUT OF RANGE!

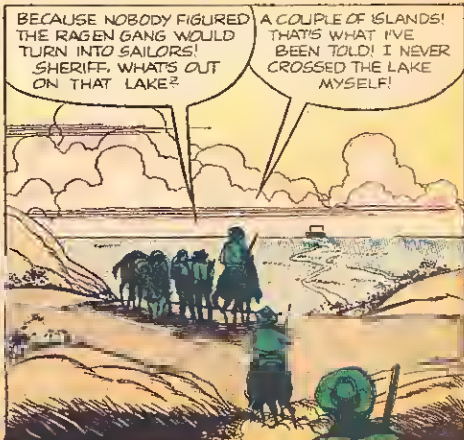
BUT NOT OUT OF REACH! WE CAN FOLLOW THEM IF WE FIND A BOAT!

THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO ESCAPE A POSSE! SOME THIEVES DO IT WITH BULLETS! THE RAGEN GANG DID IT WITH WATER! SINCE BULLETS FLY ONLY 60 YARDS AND THE BLACK DIAMOND HADN'T THE NECESSARY FINS TO CONDUCT A WATERY PURSUIT, IT LOOKED AS IF THE FRONTIER FIGHTER AGAINST INJUSTICE HAD AT LAST LOST OUT TO THE LAWLESS! WITH EVERY STROKE OF THEIR OARS THE RAGEN GANG WERE WIDENING THE GAP BETWEEN THEMSELVES AND PUNISHMENT!



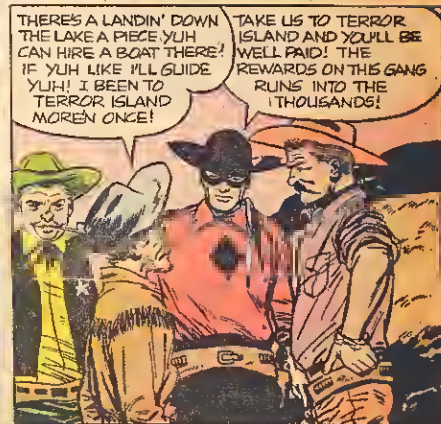
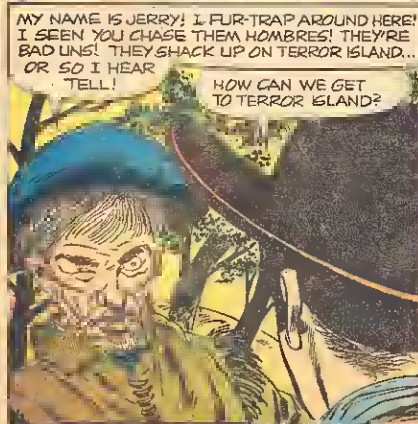
WHERE WILL WE FIND ONE?

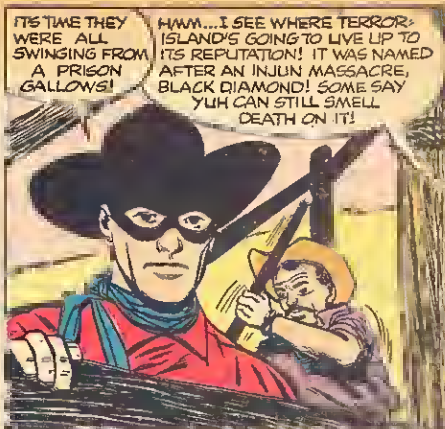
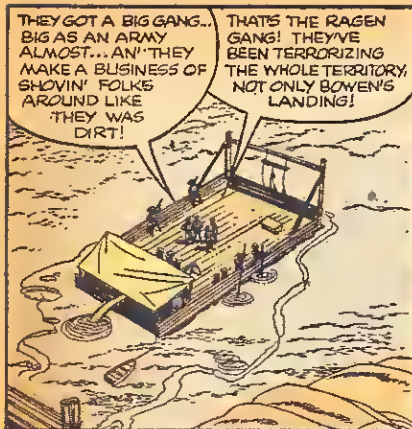
WE'VE GOT TO FIND ONE! THE RAGEN GANG KNEW THE BARGE WAS HERE! IT WAS MEANT TO TAKE THEM SOME PLACE! WHY CAN'T WE GET THERE, TOO?



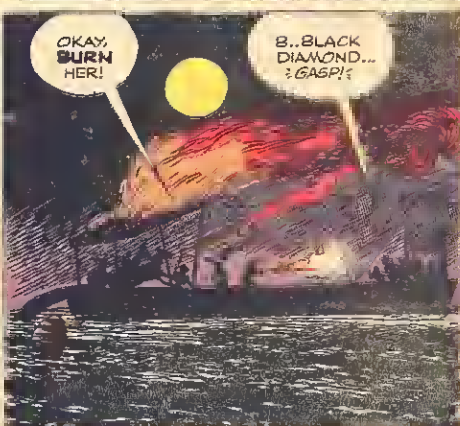
BECAUSE NOBODY FIGURED THE RAGEN GANG WOULD TURN INTO SAILORS! SHERIFF, WHAT'S OUT ON THAT LAKE?

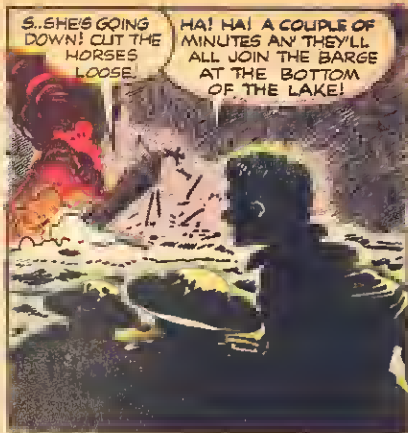
A COUPLE OF ISLANDS! THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TOLD! I NEVER CROSSED THE LAKE MYSELF!





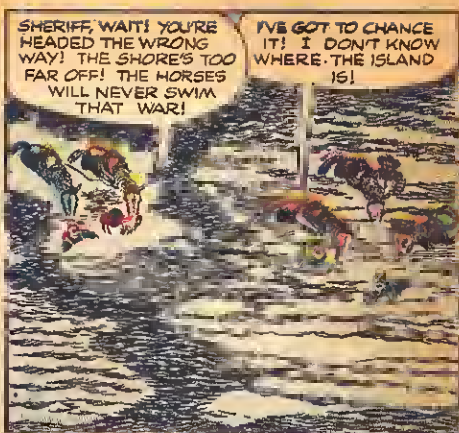
HOURS LATER, AS THE PASSENGERS FINISH SUPPER...





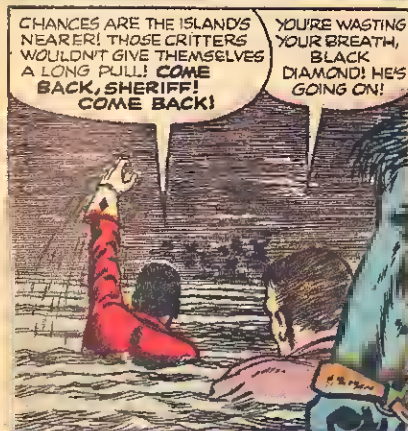
S...SHE'S GOING DOWN! CUT THE HORSES LOOSE.

HA! HA! A COUPLE OF MINUTES AN' THEY'LL ALL JOIN THE BARGE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE!



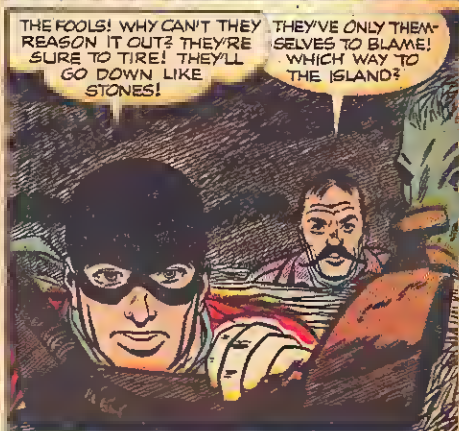
SHERIFF, WAIT! YOU'RE HEADED THE WRONG WAY! THE SHORE'S TOO FAR OFF! THE HORSES WILL NEVER SWIM THAT FAR!

I'VE GOT TO CHANCE IT! I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE ISLAND IS!



CHANCES ARE THE ISLAND'S NEARER! THOSE CRITTERS WOULDN'T GIVE THEMSELVES A LONG PULL! **COME BACK, SHERIFF! COME BACK!**

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR BREATH, BLACK DIAMOND! HE'S GOING ON!



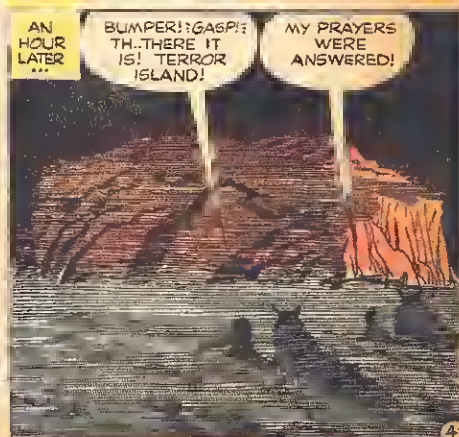
THE FOOLS! WHY CAN'T THEY REASON IT OUT? THEY'RE SURE TO TIRE! THEY'LL GO DOWN LIKE STONES!

THEY'VE ONLY THEMSELVES TO BLAME! WHICH WAY TO THE ISLAND?



IT'S JUST A HUNCH LET'S FOLLOW THE RIPPLES MADE BY JERRY'S ROW-BOAT!

I'LL PRAY WITH EACH STROKE! I HOPE SOMEBODY'S LISTENING!



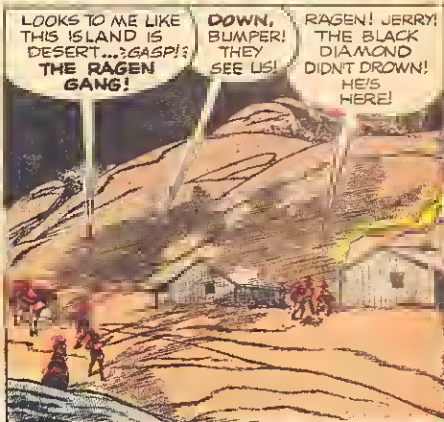
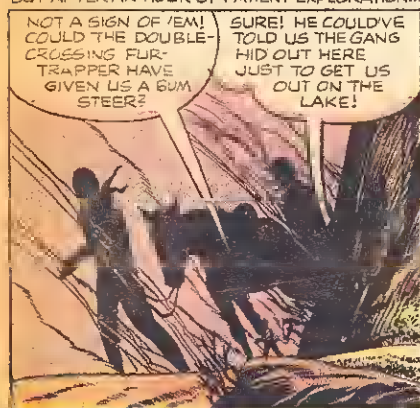
AN HOUR LATER ...

BUMPER!! GASP!! TH...THERE IT IS! TERROR ISLAND!

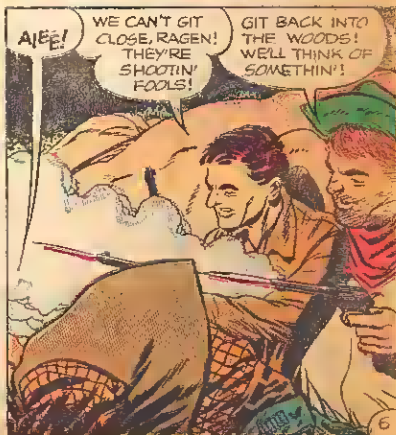
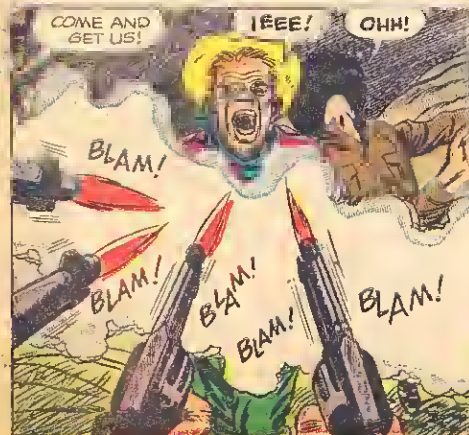
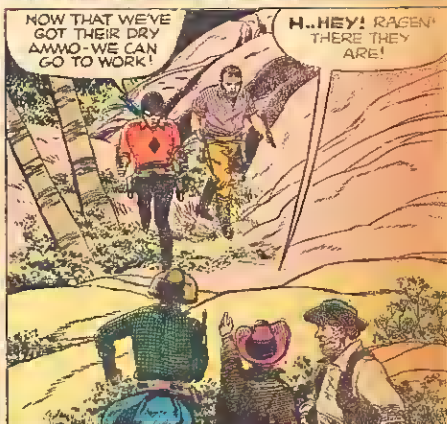
MY PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED!



BUT AFTER AN HOUR OF PATIENT EXPLORATION...



A MOMENT LATER IN
THE WOODS...

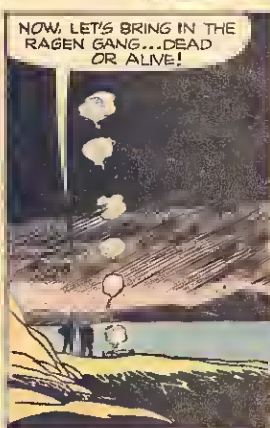




RIGHT! BUT WE'LL OUT-GUESS 'EM! WE'LL CATCH THEM NAPPING! AFTER WE TAKE CARE OF THOSE SMOKE SIGNALS!



THEY SHOULD! IT'S A CLEAR NIGHT! BESIDES AFTER WE STRETCH THIS BLANKET OVER THE FIRE AND CUT A HOLE IN THE MIDDLE, SIGNALS WILL GO UP ALL NIGHT LONG!



!GASP!:

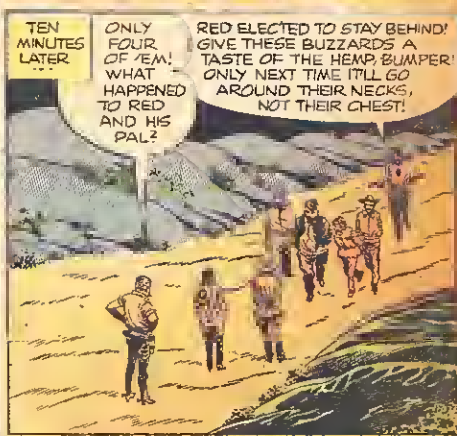
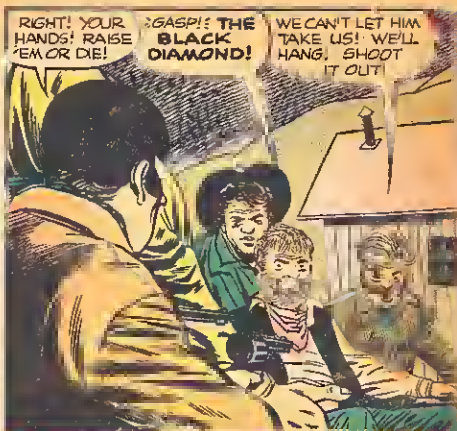


I...IT'S THE BLACK DIAMOND!

D..DON'T SHOOT... PLEASE!



Y..YES... !GULP!:



OUR SIGNALS BACKFIRED! THEY WERE SEEN BY THE GANG ON THE MAINLAND! THEY CAME BACK TO SEE WHAT'S WRONG!

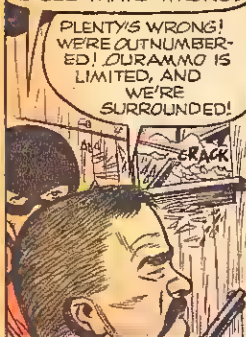
PLENTY'S WRONG! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED! DURAMMO IS LIMITED, AND WE'RE SURROUNDED!

WE WON'T HAVE TO DO MUCH STANDING OFF, BUMPER! THEY'RE BURNING THE SHACK DOWN!

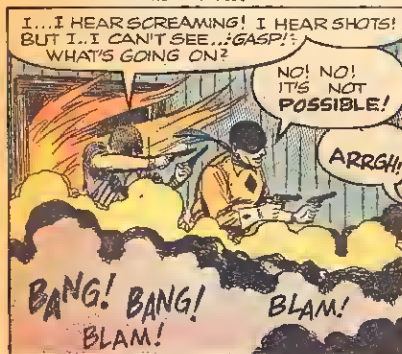
LINE UP INTO A FIRING SQUAD, BOYS! THEY'LL BECOMIN' OUT ANY SECOND!

I CAN'T TAKE IT, BLACK DIAMOND! I'D RATHER CATCH LEAD THAN ROASTIN' HERE!

YOU'RE RIGHT! AT LEAST LET'S DIE DISHING IT OUT!



BUT AS THE BLACK DIAMOND BURSTS INTO THE OPEN, A BURST OF GUNFIRE RINGS OUT! BUT AMAZINGLY ENOUGH NO BULLETS COME HIS WAY...

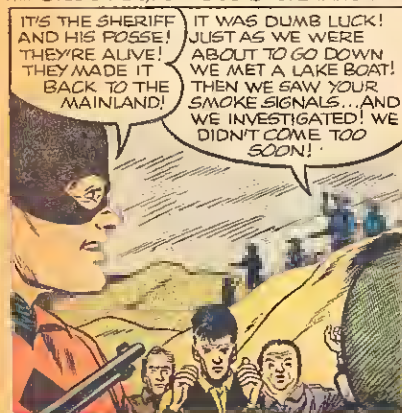


I...I HEAR SCREAMING! I HEAR SHOTS! BUT I...I CAN'T SEE...GASP! WHAT'S GOING ON?

NO! NO! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!

ARRGH!

MINUTES LATER, AS THE GUNSMOKE VANISHES...



IT'S THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE! THEY'RE ALIVE! THEY MADE IT BACK TO THE MAINLAND!

IT WAS DUMB LUCK! JUST AS WE WERE ABOUT TO GO DOWN WE MET A LAKE BOAT! THEN WE SAW YOUR SMOKE SIGNALS...AND WE INVESTIGATED! WE DIDN'T COME TOO SOON!

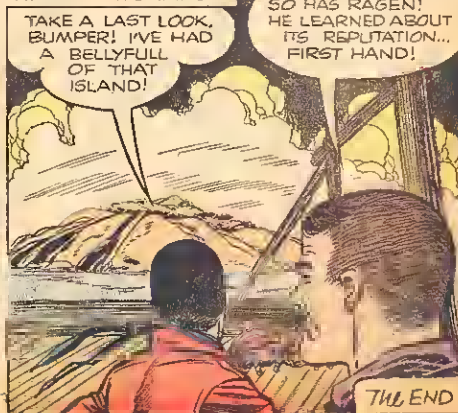
RAGEN AND HIS GANG ARE CATCHING IT! DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, BUMPER! COME ON!



IEEE! YAAA!

BANG! BANG!

LATER THAT MORNING...



TAKE A LAST LOOK, BUMPER! I'VE HAD A BELLYFULL OF THAT ISLAND!

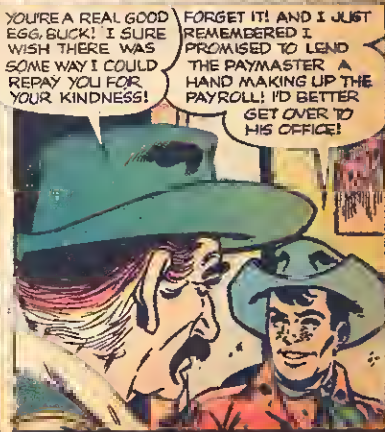
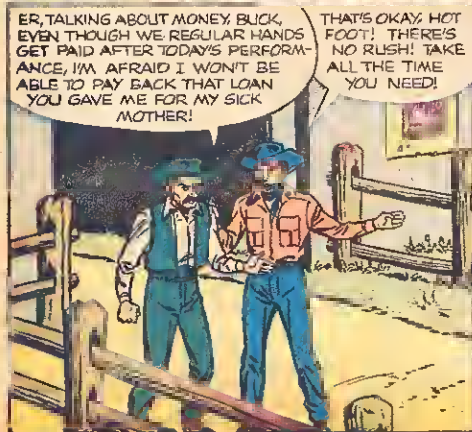
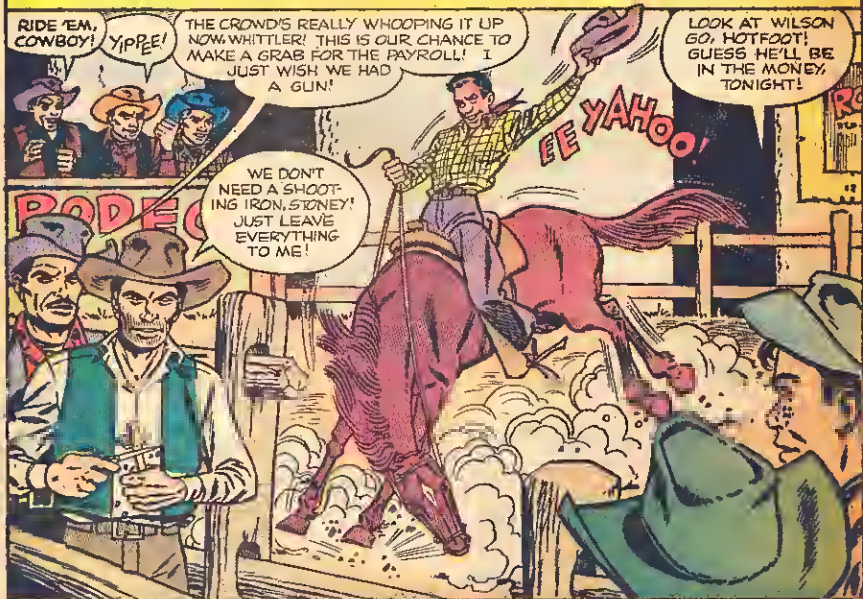
SO HAS RAGEN! HE LEARNED ABOUT ITS REPUTATION... FIRST HAND!

THE END

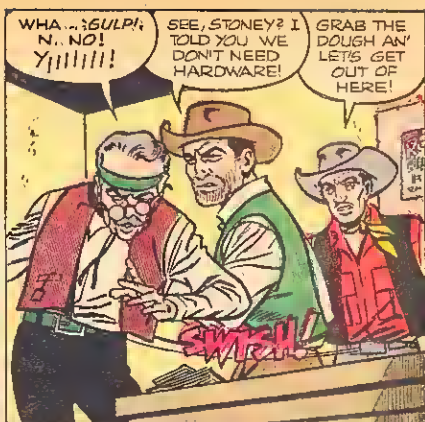
BUCK ROPER WAS INNOCENT OF THE MURDER HE WAS ACCUSED OF COMMITTING, AND ALL HIS FRIENDS RALLIED AROUND TO HELP. ESPECIALLY HIS GOOD FRIEND 'HOTFOOT', WHO EVEN LIED TO SAVE BUCK...HE TOLD ONE LIE AFTER ANOTHER, AND EACH SUCCEEDING LIE ONLY HELPED TO TIGHTEN THE NOOSE AROUND BUCK ROPER'S NECK!

BUCK ROPER

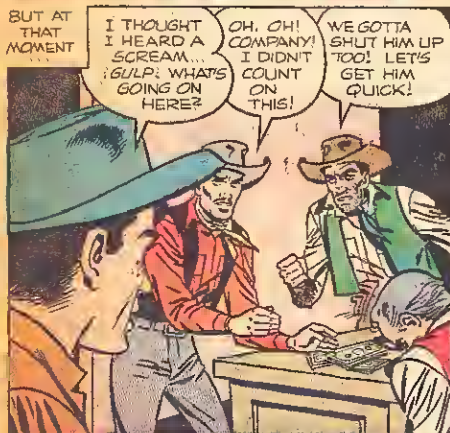
IN "THE RODEO PAYROLL MURDER"

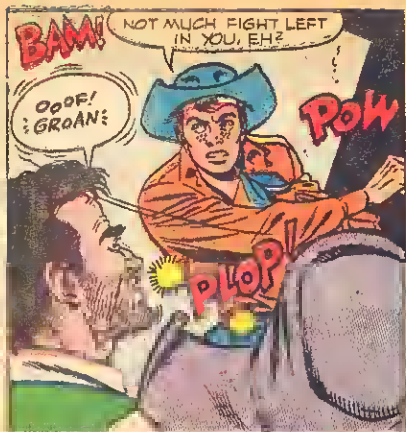


MEANWHILE AT THE PAYMASTER'S OFFICE...



BUT AT THAT MOMENT





NOT MUCH FIGHT LEFT
IN YOU, EH?

OOOF!
GROAN!

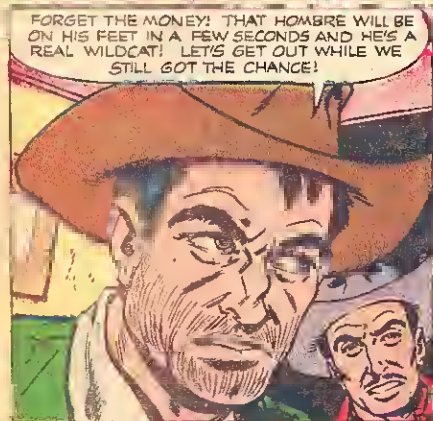
POW

PILOP!



YOU TWO SKUNKS
ARE GOING TO
JAIL... OOPS!

HE TRIPPED OVER THE
CHAIR! LET'S GRAB THE
LOOT AND BEAT IT!



FORGET THE MONEY! THAT HOMBRE WILL BE
ON HIS FEET IN A FEW SECONDS AND HE'S A
REAL WILDCAT! LET'S GET OUT WHILE WE
STILL GOT THE CHANCE!

BY THE TIME BUCK GETS TO HIS FEET...

THEY'RE GONE! AND I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST
IDEA WHERE! I'D BETTER LOOK AT THE
PAYMASTER AND SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING
I CAN DO FOR HIM!

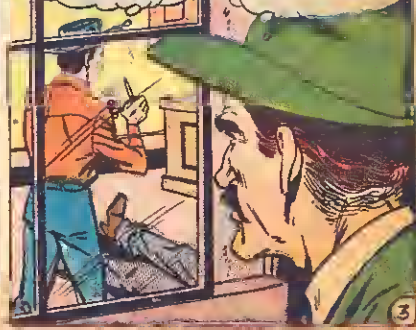


NOBODY CAN DO ANYTHING FOR HIM ANY MORE...
HE'S DEAD... POOR FELLOW! SAY LOOK AT THIS
LITTLE TOTEM POLE! IT PROBABLY FELL OUT OF
HIS POCKET! I'LL HOLD ON TO IT IN CASE ANY
OF HIS FAMILY ASKS FOR IT!

THE SOUND OF THE FIGHT HAS ATTRACTED MOTFOOT...

I ALSO BETTER HOLD ON
TO THIS KNIFE TILL THE
SHERIFF GETS HERE!
HE'LL NEED IT AS
A CLUE!

GULP! BUCK'S
STANDING OVER THE
PAYMASTER WITH A
KNIFE! HE... HE
KILLED HIM!



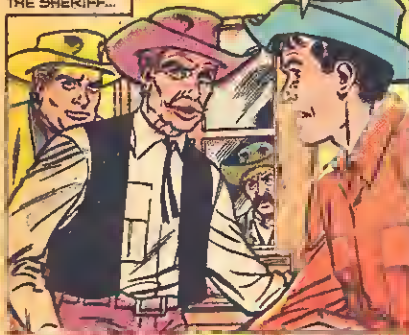
THE NOISE OF
THE SCUFFLE
ALSO ATTRACTS
MR. HILL, THE
OWNER OF THE
RODIO AND
THE SHERIFF...

BUCK!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

SOMETHING
AWFUL, MR. HILL!
TWO VARMINTS
MURDERED THE
PAYMASTER!

BUT HOTFOOT CAN'T HEAR WHAT BUCK'S SAYING ...

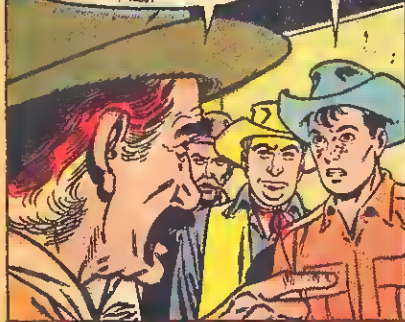
POOR BUCK! THEY'VE GOT HIM DEAD TO RIGHTS!
BUT I KNOW HE'D NEVER KILL ANYONE UNLESS
HE WAS FORCED INTO IT! AFTER THE NICE
WAY HE TREATED ME, I'VE GOT TO
HELP HIM!



HOLD IT! THE MURDER WASN'T
BUCK'S FAULT! THE PAYMASTER
ATTACKED HIM FIRST AND
BUCK KILLED HIM IN SELF-
DEFENSE! I SAW IT
ALL!

HUH? WHAT
ARE YOU
TAKING
ABOUT?

I KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT! HE SAW YOU
STAB THE PAYMASTER AND HE'S TRYING TO HELP
YOU BY CLAIMING IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE! BUT IT
WON'T WORK! IF YOU HAD KILLED THE PAY-
MASTER IN SELF-DEFENSE, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE
MADE UP A COCK AND BULL STORY ABOUT A
COUPLE OF
BANDITS WHO...

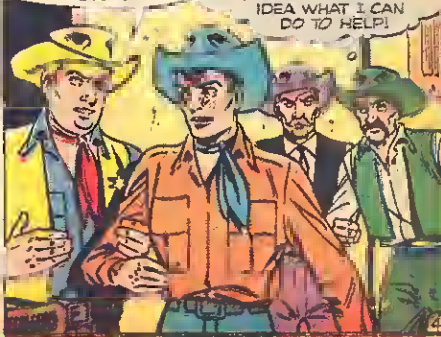
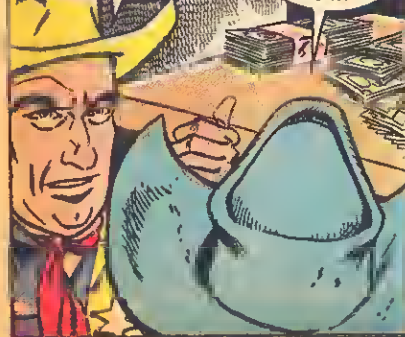


...WOULD COMMIT MURDER
AND THEN RUSH OFF LEAVING
THE LOOT HERE! IT DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE!

BUT IT'S
THE TRUTH,
SHERIFF!
HONEST...
I ...

SAVE YOUR EXPLANATIONS
FOR THE TRIAL, BUCK!
I'M LOCKING YOU UP ON
A CHARGE OF MURDER!
LET'S GO!

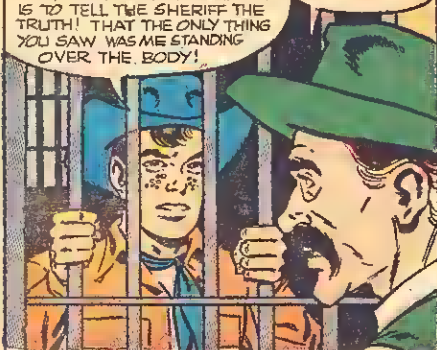
I TOLD THAT LIE ONLY TO
HELP BUCK, AND ALL I
DID WAS FOUL MATTERS
UP! I'LL VISIT HIM IN JAIL!
MAYBE HE'LL HAVE AN
IDEA WHAT I CAN
DO TO HELP!



LATER, AT THE JAILHOUSE...

I KNOW YOU WERE TRYING TO HELP HOTFOOT, BUT THE ONLY REAL WAY TO HELP ME IS TO TELL THE SHERIFF THE TRUTH! THAT THE ONLY THING YOU SAW WAS ME STANDING OVER THE BODY!

SURE, BUCK! I'LL GO TELL HIM. RIGHT NOW!



IF I TELL THE SHERIFF THAT'S ALL I SAW IT WON'T HELP BUCK AT ALL! IT WOULD STILL LOOK AS IF HE KILLED THE PAYMASTER! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF A BETTER STORY THAN THAT!



AND ONCE AGAIN, HOTFOOT RELIES ON A LIE TO HELP BUCK...

...AND THAT'S THE TRUTH, SHERIFF! I SAW THE KILLERS AS THEY ESCAPED!

YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT, DO YOU, AFTER THE OTHER STORY YOU TOLD? LISTEN, HOTFOOT, I KNOW YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND OF BUCKS, BUT IT'S NO DICE! THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS GO BACK TO THE RODEO!



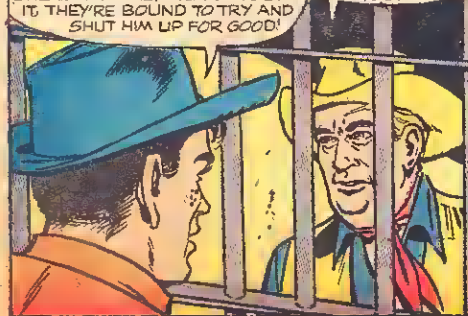
THE SHERIFF IS A TOUGH EGG... BUT MAYBE IF I SPREAD THE STORY THAT I SAW THE KILLERS, ENOUGH PEOPLE WILL BELIEVE ME AND FORCE THE SHERIFF TO RELEASE BUCK!



NEXT DAY AT THE JAILHOUSE...

SOME OF THE GANG FROM THE RODEO WHO VISITED ME SAID THAT HOTFOOT'S GOING AROUND TOWN TELLING EVERYONE HE SAW THE KILLERS! THAT'S DANGEROUS, SHERIFF! IF THEY HEAR ABOUT IT, THEY'RE BOUND TO TRY AND SHUT HIM UP FOR GOOD!

SAVE YOUR BREATH, BUCK! THERE WAS NO ONE IN THAT OFFICE WITH THE PAYMASTER EXCEPT YOU!

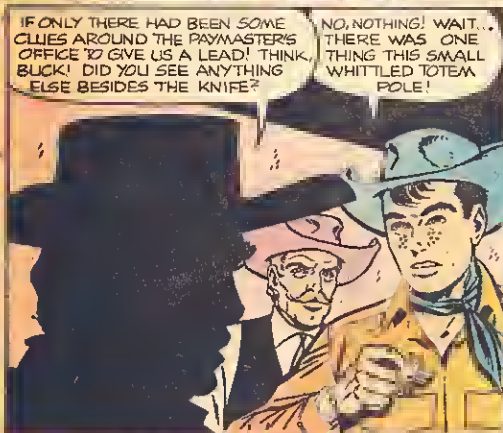


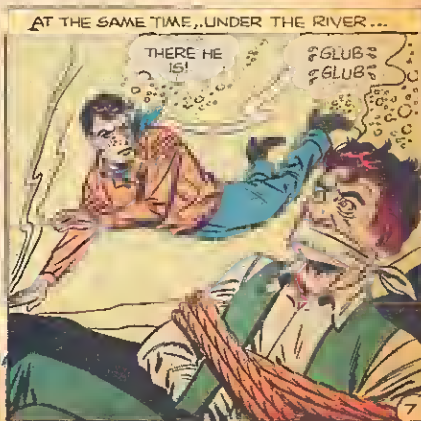
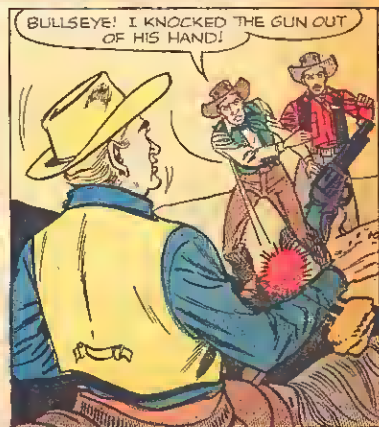
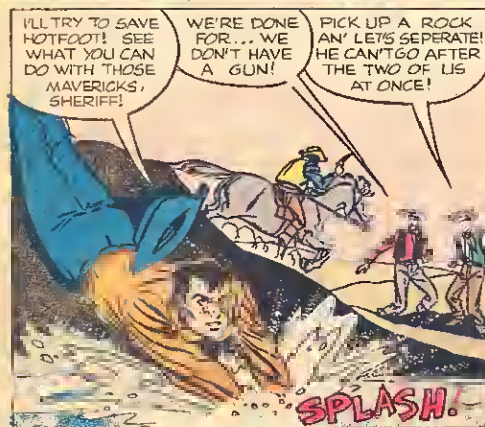
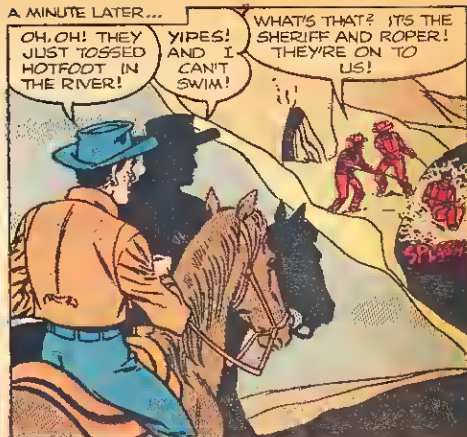
SHERIFF! SOMETHING TERRIBLE JUST HAPPENED! HOTFOOT WAS TALKING TO DIXIE AND A FEW GIRLS IN THE RODEO WHEN TWO MASKED MEN RODE BY AND GRABBED HIM!

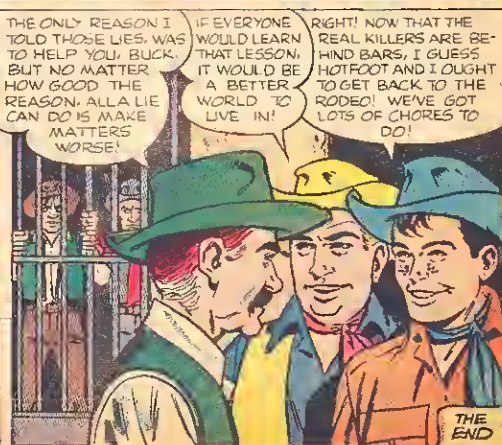
WHAT!

OH, OH!





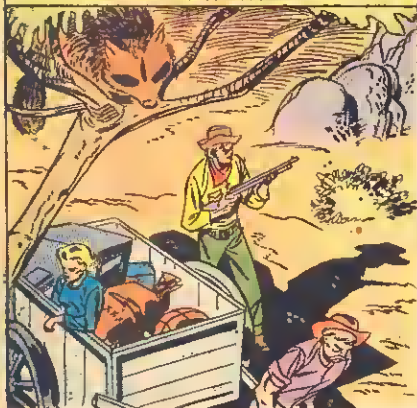






WESTERN LORE

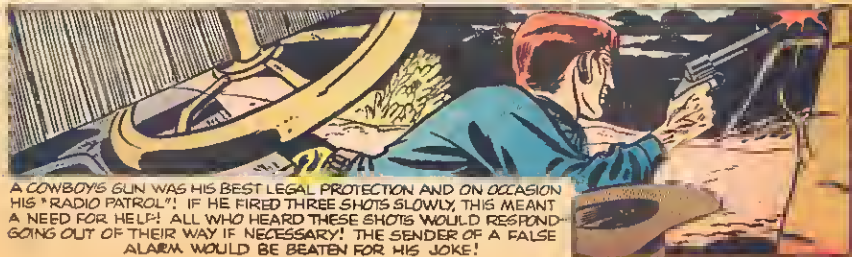
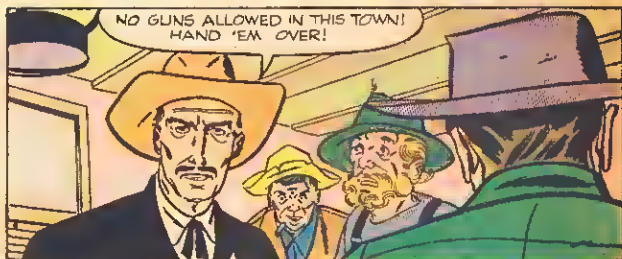
MANY PIONEERS WE KNOW MADE THEIR WAY WESTWARD IN COVERED WAGONS! SOME, HOWEVER, WHO COULD NOT AFFORD SUCH WAGONS TRAVELED IN HANDCARTS—PUSHING THEIR WAY ACROSS THE COUNTRY! ALTOGETHER SOME 1300 PEOPLE TRAVELED 1300 MILES IN THIS PRIMITIVE FASHION!



BEFORE THE ADVENT OF THE PONY EXPRESS AND EXPENSIVE PRIVATE CARRIERS, WESTERNERS USED A MOST UNUSUAL MAIL SERVICE! THEY SIMPLY SCRIBBLED MESSAGES ON BUFFALO SKULLS AND LEFT THEM ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD! A TRAVELER, GOING IN THAT DIRECTION WOULD DELIVER THE LETTERS FREE! LETTERS WERE ALSO LEFT ATOP SPLIT STICKS AT THE ROADSIDE! LETTERS WOULD TRAVEL 1000 MILES THIS WAY...SOME TIMES INVOLVING THREE AND FOUR CARRIERS!

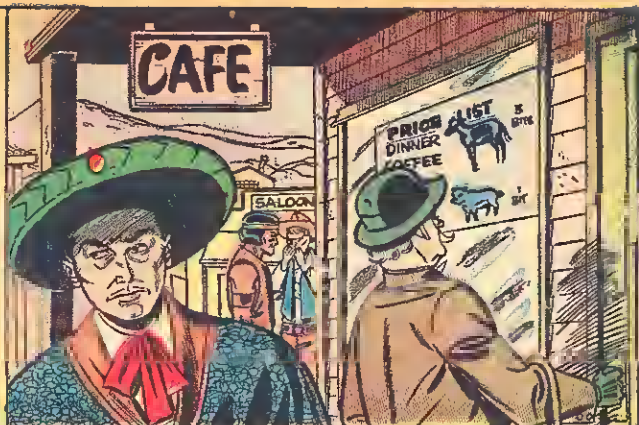


ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICERS OF THE OLD WEST WAS SMITH OF ABILENE. ON HIS FIRST DAY AS SHERIFF, HE WALKED INTO THE LOCAL BAR AND ORDERED ALL MEN TO TURN THEIR GUNS OVER TO HIM AND PROMISED TO RETURN THEM WHEN THEY LEFT TOWN! MEN COMPLIED WITH SMITH'S REQUEST FOR TWO REASONS: THEY FELT THE SHERIFF SHOWED A LOT OF NERVE, AND THEY WERE CAUGHT BY SURPRISE!

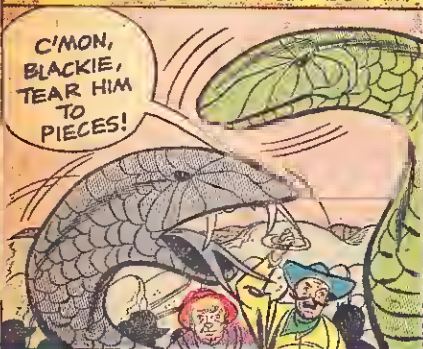


A COWBOY'S GUN WAS HIS BEST LEGAL PROTECTION AND ON OCCASION HIS 'RADIO PATROL'! IF HE FIRED THREE SHOTS SLOWLY, THIS MEANT A NEED FOR HELP! ALL WHO HEARD THESE SHOTS WOULD RESPOND GOING OUT OF THEIR WAY IF NECESSARY! THE SENDER OF A FALSE ALARM WOULD BE BEATEN FOR HIS JOKE!

WHAT KIND OF PRICE LIST WOULD YOU USE IF YOUR CUSTOMERS SPOKE FRENCH, SPANISH, INDIAN OR ENGLISH? PROBABLY ONE LIKE THIS USING ANIMAL SYMBOLS INSTEAD OF MONEY SYMBOLS! EVERYBODY COULD UNDERSTAND THE ANIMAL SYMBOL! PRICE LISTS LIKE THIS ONE WERE USED IN NEW MEXICO WHERE YOU COULD FIND CANADIANS, INDIANS, MEXICANS, AND AMERICANS! SYMBOL OF A PIG = ONE BIT (12½ CENTS) CALF = 2 BITS.



COWBOYS ENJOYED WATCHING FIGHTS BETWEEN SNAKES (KING SNAKE AND RATTLESNAKES) THAT WERE ALWAYS AVAILABLE! COWBOYS ENJOYED CHEERING ON THEIR FAVORITE SNAKE AND BETTING ON HIM!

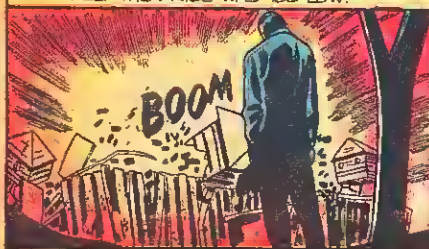


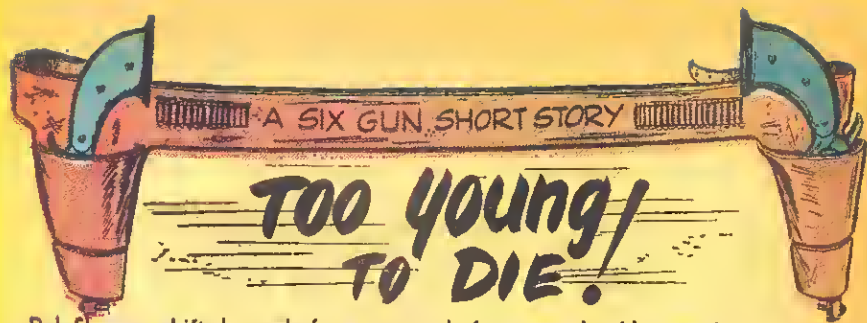
DID YOU KNOW THAT COWBOYS SOMETIMES SERVED AS PROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS? WHEN LIFE ON THE TRAIL BECAME TOO DULL OR WHEN BUSINESS WAS BAD, COWBOYS WOULD FIGHT IN LOCAL CIVIL WARS FOR PAY! SUCH LOCAL WARS TOOK PLACE IN TEXAS, NEW MEXICO, AND WYOMING! ENGAGING IN SUCH WARS DID NOT MARK THE COWBOY AS AN OUTLAW BUT MERELY AS A PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER!



ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS TRADING POSTS OF THE OLD WEST WAS BENT'S FORT (1828) AT LA JUANITA, COLORADO! BENT OFFERED TRADERS AND TRAPPERS FREE MEALS, FREE LODGING, CREDIT AND SUPPLIES! MEN LEFT THEIR WIVES HERE WHILE THEY WENT AWAY FOR A FEW MONTHS 'TRAPPING'. THE FORT WAS WELL PROTECTED AGAINST INDIAN ATTACK! IT HAD AN IRON GATE AND HIGH ADOBE WALL! WHEN THE GOVERNMENT OFFERED TO BUY THE FORT, BENT BLEW IT UP INSTEAD! HE FELT THE PRICE WAS TOO LOW!

FIGHTING INDIANS REQUIRED BRAINS AS WELL AS GUNS! COL. LEAVENWORTH, AFTER A NUMBER OF SKIRMISHES WITH THE NERVOUS ARIKARAS TRIBE OF INDIANS WAS GETTING NOWHERE! IN HIS NEXT ENCOUNTER WITH THIS INDIAN BAND, LEAVENWORTH DEFEATED THEM AND MADE THEM SIGN A TREATY OF PEACE! THE COLONEL HAD DISCOVERED THAT THE SIOUX... EXCELLENT FIGHTERS!... WERE ANCIENT ENEMIES OF THE ARIKARAS, AND ONLY WITH THEIR HELP, SKILL, AND CUNNING WAS HE ABLE TO WIN THE DAY!





Bob Sherman shifted a wad of gum nervously from one side of his mouth to the other. It was a large, sticky, chewy piece of gum and it took the edge off his nerves. If ever anybody had a case of nerves, Bob had them.

He walked slowly down the street to the Red Garter Saloon and was conscious that the badge on his leather vest had a shine to it that came with newness.

The sidewalk was lined with citizens who stopped talking as he approached them, and they whispered as he passed. He couldn't hear what they were saying, but he didn't have to. He knew.

They were all saying he was too young to die.

Sheriff Bob Sherman agreed.

Bob Sherman looked up at the hot sun, and unconsciously rubbed his arm over the badge on his chest. He shifted the sticky wad of gum, and spit on the ground. His father had just been killed by Billy Thompson. Billy's gun had a reputation that sent chills down the spines of many gunslingers. It was finely balanced with a hair trigger, and after years of practice, the gun had become part of the hand. The perfect weight of the gun, and the perfect coordination of the muscles had given Thompson an edge on his gunslinging opponents that had led anyone who dared to oppose him to an early, and shallow grave. Robert Sherman Sr., had tried to live up to the letter of the law and bring in Thompson for the murder of the sheriff in Lopat County.

Robert Sherman Sr. had a dignified funeral. He was buried with his badge. Thompson had been vicious in killing Sheriff Sherman Sr. He had shot the gun out of his hand first, and then put a bullet in his gut so that he died slowly and painfully. No more painfully than the other sheriffs.

He shifted the wad of gum into the other side of his cheek, parted the swinging doors, and walked into the Red Garter Saloon.

The smoke hung heavy in the air. Two girls singing near the piano stopped when they saw him, and the men who had been playing cards, suddenly forgot the postboards they held in their hands, and followed Bob with their eyes.

The gum in his mouth had become unbearably large, and sticky. His mouth was dry, and his tongue swollen. Bob removed the gum. He stumbled against a man at the bar, the only one who hadn't looked up when he entered the room.

It was Billy Thompson. The leathery lined face was hardened by the wind and sand. The lips were thin and cruel. The eyebrows were like a pencil line, accentuating the evil eyes.

"I'll have to take you in," Sherman said apologetically. "You're wanted for murder in this county, and I've been notified by half a dozen other counties that you're wanted..."

"Well they ain't lyin'" laughed Thompson, "they all want me, but they ain't one that's man enough to go after me."

"Well," Bob sucked in his breath, "I am. If you'll come along peacable-like no one'll get hurt.

"All right, kid," Thompson turned and faced Sherman "make a move for your gun, and you'll be carried out. Now I don't usually get soft with sheriffs, but seein' as you're so young, I'll make an exception. If you get out of town and don't come back, I won't kill you!"

Thompson broke into a laugh, but Sherman cut him cold.

"Fun's over," Sherman snapped, "Come on."

"I'll tell you whot, kid," Thompson smiled, "I'll give you a fighting chance. We'll have the bartender count to three, and then we'll draw. That'll give you a chance to walk out of here!"

The bartender whispered to Sherman, "Be smart, kid, walk out of here while you're whole."

"No," Sherman told him. "This polecat would shoot me in the back. Go ahead. Count!"

The bartender shrugged his large shoulders. "Okay, he said, but if this place gets messed up, the guy who lives is gonna pay for the damage!"

"One." He said. And the men at the bar melted away.

"Two." The cards were tossed into heaps, as the players ducked behind their chairs, their eyes glued to the man and the boy at the bar.

"Three," said the bartender in a little more than a whisper, and Thompson's hand snaked down to his gun, that came up spitting fire and smoke in split seconds. The boy's hand found his gun, and his gun talked once, and then the famous pistol of Thompson's came tumbling down. A look of pain crossed Thompson's face and he stood there, sagging against the bar.

"Come on," said Sherman. "We're going down to the jail where Doc Simmons can take care of your hand, and a jury can take care of your record!"

Sherman looked at the broken mirror in back of him and said to the startled bartender, "The county will pay for the broken mirror."

"Forget it," growled the bartender. "This one is on the house!"

* * * * *

Doc Simmons had bandaged the hand of Thompson and Sherman had seen to it that the prisoner was firmly locked behind bars before he hung up his knew belt.

"I got to hand it to you, son," Doc Simmons told him. "You were up against the fastest draw in the west and you beat him."

"I didn't beat him, Doc," admitted Sherman. "He fired first and missed."

"Don't sound like Thompson . . ." protested the Doc. "He's got the fastest, best weighted gun in the west . . ."

"I know," admitted Bob. "I counted on it. That's why I slapped a wad of chewing gum on the butt of his gun when I first met him. It was the only way I could throw his gun off balance. I knew if he would miss my gun hand when he fired first, he would miss me the second time. It would be a combination of panic and confusion, and I knew I would have him."

"But son," said Doc, "what if he hadn't shot for your gun hand first? Suppose he would have tried to get you with the first shot?"

"He'd have had me," Bob said simply. "I could throw his gun off balance to miss my arm, but at that distance he could have blown a hole through me that a team of horses could clear. He was real mean. He wanted me to suffer like the other sheriffs he shot, and his meanness is what beat him. Because he wanted to see me die slowly, he's going to hang for murder!"

THE END

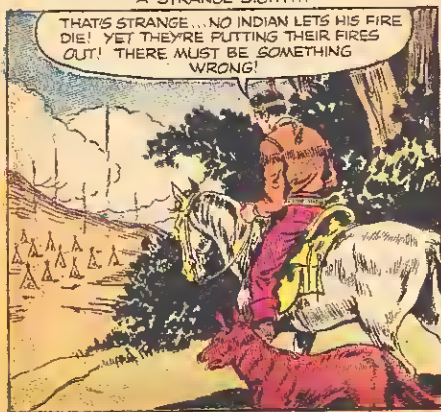
RED FIRE

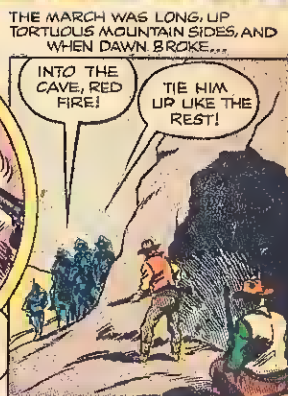
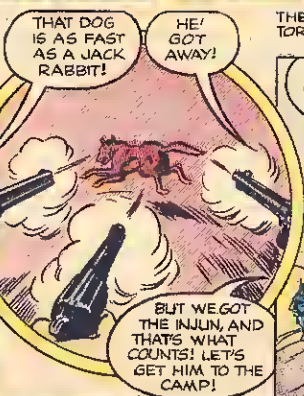
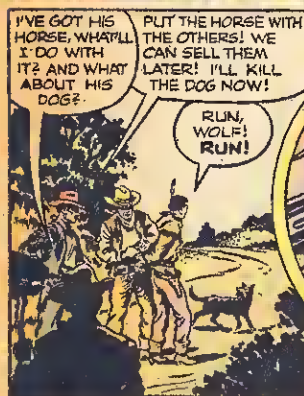
in "FIGHT FOR LIFE"

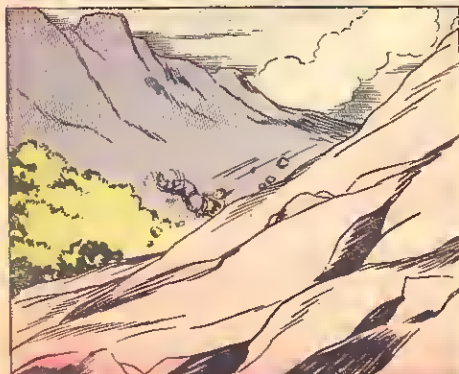


A TOWN WITH A SMALL INDIAN POPULATION THOUGHT NOTHING OF THE DISAPPEARING RED MEN FOR THEY HAD MADE THEIR HOME IN THE VALLEY WHERE THE SUMMERS WERE UNBELIEVABLY HOT, AND THE WINTERS FRIGIDLY COLD! THEN RED FIRE DISAPPEARED... **KIDNAPPED!** AND HE FOUND THAT HIS FIGHT FOR LIFE DEPENDED ON HIS FIGHT FOR FREEDOM FOR THE DISAPPEARING ROCKY VALLEY TRIBE...

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, RED FIRE WITNESSES
A STRANGE SIGHT...



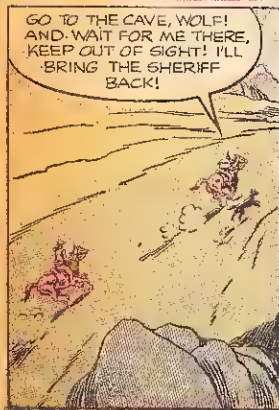




WITH THE ROPES CUTTING MERCILESSLY INTO HIS SKIN, RED FIRE FINDS A NEW PERIL... TWO EYES WATCHING HIM FROM BEHIND THE BRUSH...



MOMENTS LATER...



AND THEN THE LONE RIDER TAKES A SURPRISING TURN...



ONE GOT AWAY, BOSS! I TRAILED HIM INTO TOWN, THEN LOST HIM! HE MIGHT BE COMING HERE!

QUIET, YOU FOOL! DO YOU WANT THE SHERIFF TO HEAR!



QUICK—TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED! I'LL HAVE YOUR HIDE FOR THIS!

IT WASN'T MY FAULT, BOSS! ONE OF THE INDIANS, NAME OF RED FIRE, WHO MUST'VE MORE LIVES THAN A CAT, ROLLED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE AND GOT AWAY!



WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, JAMISON?

I'VE GOT TO POST THAT LAND TODAY, SHERIFF! MY CATTLE NEED THE WATER, AND THE CHIEF AGREED TO SELL THE VALLEY SINCE THE TRIBE HAS DESERTED IT! I'M READY TO DYNAMITE THE STREAM AND LET IT COME THROUGH...



THAT VALLEY LEADS RIGHT UP THROUGH MY RANCH, AND THE WATER CAN BE THERE BY TONIGHT...

HE'S LYING, SHERIFF! DON'T LET HIM DO IT!



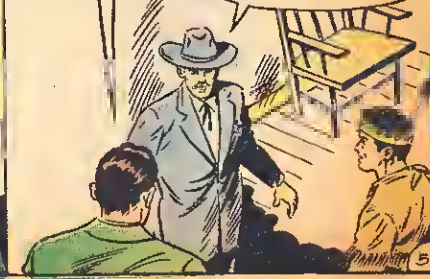
ALMOST THE WHOLE TRIBE IS HELD PRISONER IN A CAVE OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY! IT'S MY GUESS THE CHIEF HAS EITHER BEEN KILLED, OR FORCED TO SELL THE LAND!

HOLD ON, SON! YOU'RE GOING TOO FAST!



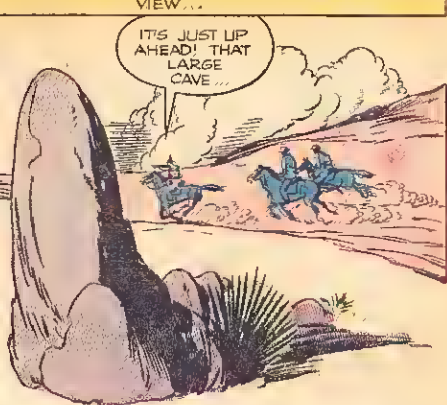
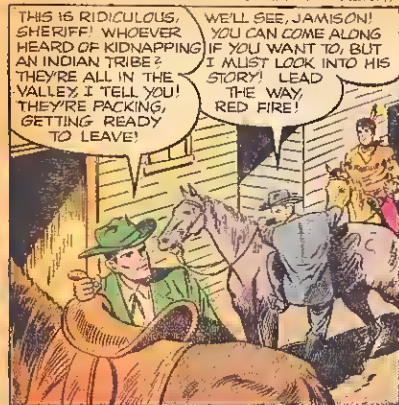
ARE YOU GOING TO LISTEN TO THIS KID ALL DAY? I DEMAND THAT WE GET ON WITH POSTING THAT PROPERTY!

HOLD ON, JAMISON! IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO CHECK THE KID'S STORY! ANYONE WHO JUMPS THROUGH THE WINDOW MUST THINK WHAT HE'S GOT TO SAY IS MIGHTY IMPORTANT! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, KID?

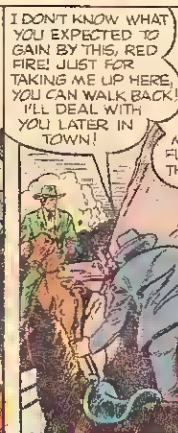


RED FIRE TELLS HIS STORY... OF HIS CAPTURE AND ESCAPE, AND THE MAD DASH THROUGH TOWN! THE SHERIFF LISTENS CAREFULLY AND THEN...

THE RIDE IS WILD AND FAST! RED FIRE SLOWS DOWN ONLY WHEN FAMILIAR LANDMARKS COME INTO VIEW...



OF COURSE! IT WAS JUST A WILD GOOSE CHASE! DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS NOW, SHERIFF?



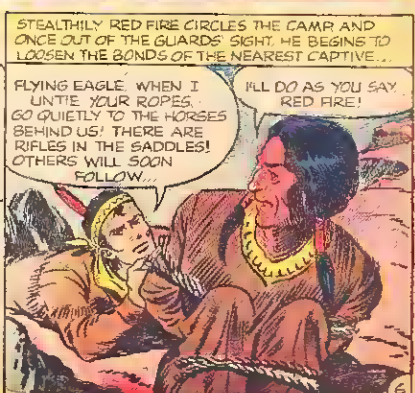
BUT, SHERIFF, THEY MUST'VE BEEN WARNED! THEY WERE MOVED, AND IF WE DIDN'T PASS THEM COMING UP HERE THEY MUST'VE GONE FURTHER UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS!



RED FIRE SCRAMBLES OVER THE ROCKS FOLLOWING WOLF WHOSE KEEN SENSE OF SMELL LEADS HIM DIRECTLY TO A CLEARING... AND THE NEW CAMP...



DON'T BE A DOPE! TOO MANY DEAD BODIES AND THE SHERIFF WOULD BE AFTER US! THIS WAY IT'S A BIG ACCIDENT! THEY DIDN'T GET OUT IN TIME AND DROWNED!



STEALTHILY RED FIRE CIRCLES THE CAMP AND ONCE OUT OF THE GUARDS' SIGHT, HE BEGINS TO LOOSEN THE BONDS OF THE NEAREST CAPTIVE...

FLYING EAGLE, WHEN I UNTIE YOUR ROPES, GO QUIETLY TO THE HORSES BEHIND US! THERE ARE RIFLES IN THE SADDLES! OTHERS WILL SOON FOLLOW...

I'LL DO AS YOU SAY, RED FIRE!

ONE BY ONE THE BRAVES MELT AWAY, AND ARM THEMSELVES... AND THEN AT A SIGNAL FROM RED FIRE...

GET THEM NOW!

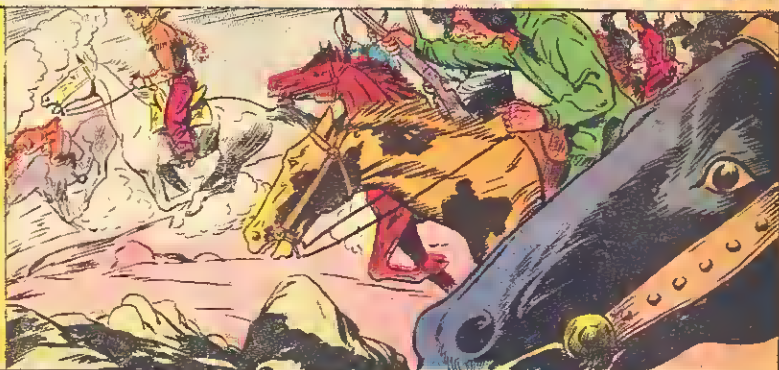


WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE VALLEY TO PREVENT THE SHERIFF FROM POSTING THE AREA! ONCE THEY FLOOD THE VALLEY OUR HOMES AND ALL OUR POSSESSIONS WILL BE GONE!

LEAD THE WAY RED FIRE... WE WILL FOLLOW!



ONCE AGAIN, THE DASH OVER THE TREACHEROUS PATH WHERE EXPERT HORSE-MENSHIP IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH...



IN ROCKY VALLEY, JAMISON AND HIS HENCHMEN SEE THE APPROACHING INDIANS...

THE INDIANS! THEY'RE LOOSE! BILL, GET UP TO THE TOP OF THE HILL AND CHECK THE DYNAMITE! AS SOON AS I CAN GET AWAY, I'LL SET IT OFF!

OKAY, BOSS! WE'LL GET 'EM ONE WAY OR THE OTHER!



THAT'S ONE OF THE BAND! THE LEADER! HE KIDNAPPED ME AND MY FAMILY!

THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! THIS IS MR. JAMISON!

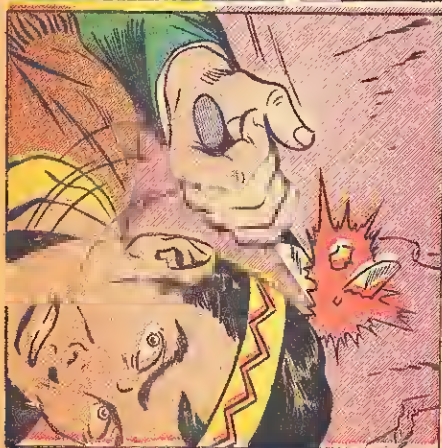
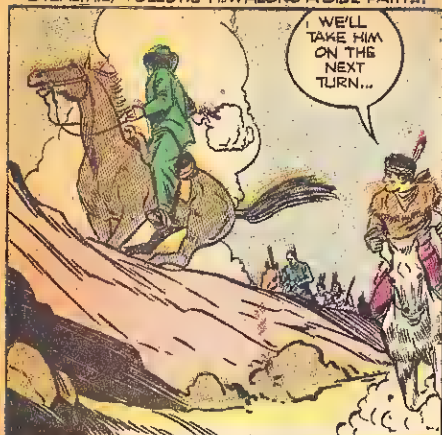
THERE'S NO MISTAKE!

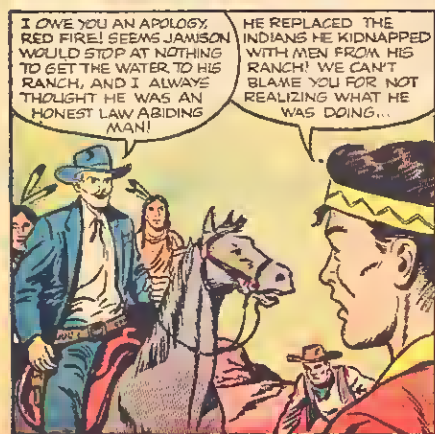
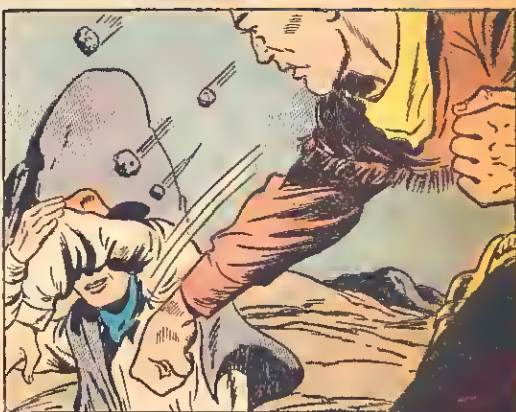
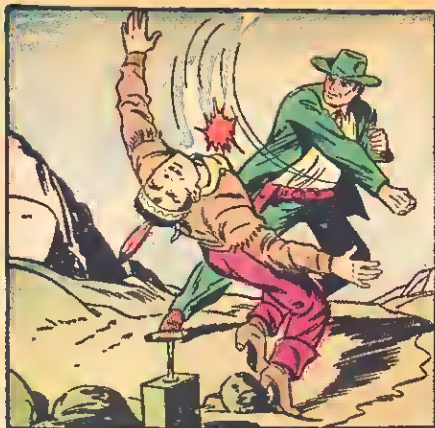


ANYONE WHO FOLLOWS ME GETS A TASTE OF BULLETS! NO ONES GOING TO STOP ME! THIS VALLEY IS GOING TO BE MINE!



WHILE JAMSON FIRES AT HIS PURSUERS, RED FIRE STEALTHILY FOLLOWS HIM ALONG A SIDE PATH...





THE END

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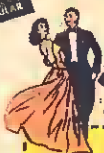
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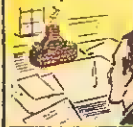
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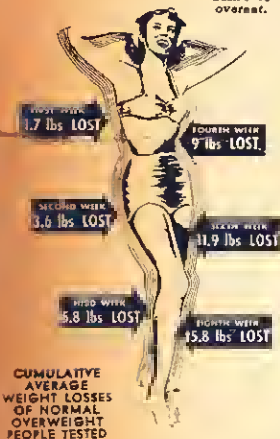
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Naturally, weight losses vary in individual cases. In clinical tests "DROPEX" was consistently successful. "DROPEX" may not be consistently successful in all cases, but you take no risk in trying "DROPEX" on our Money Back Guarantee. You have nothing to lose but fat—so easily, so safely, so pleasantly.



"DROPEX" is new and different . . . pleasant, tangy taste.

In Doctors' Tests "DROPEX" Users Lost Average of 2 Pounds Per Week

—Without Special Diets
—Without Exercises

"DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail was carefully tested on a group of overweight men and women. The results from taking "DROPEX" delighted the doctors supervising the tests, as well as the overweight men and women. Many of the people who took "DROPEX" had used other products without success but with "DROPEX" the average weight loss was 2 pounds a week over an eight week period.

All the oversight persons did was to add a dropperful of "DROPEX" to their favorite drink before each meal. No diets or special eating plans were prescribed. The doctors credited the easy steady loss of excess weight to the use of "DROPEX" which curbed the excessive appetite.



ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM ANYTHING
YOU HAVE EVER TRIED!

Add "DROPEX" to fruit or vegetable juice, soft drinks, alcoholic beverages or plain water.



In clinical tests on both men and women, weight losses averaged 2 lbs. per week with

"DROPEX"
REDUCING COCKTAIL **\$298**



Cut out coupon now as a
reminder to get "DROPEX"

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

We guarantee your money back if "DROPEX" does not reduce your weight WITHOUT ANY SPECIAL DIETS!

CHARM COMPANY Dept. DL
400 Madison Ave. New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me . . . bottles of Droplex Reducing Cocktail, at \$2.98.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman plus postal charges.
☐ I enclose payment. You pay postage.
☐ Send 3 bottles for \$6.00 (1 free when you buy 2).

NAME
STREET
CITY STATE



Big 4-in-1 TABLE TENNIS SET

Official size set with 4 Bats, 2 Balls, net, posts and rules of play. All you need for the game of Doubles or Singles.



GRAITI WRIST WATCH for Boys and Girls. A guaranteed watch. Hand-some Chrom-ium case, un-breakable crystal, genuine leather strap. This attractive wrist watch is given without cost.



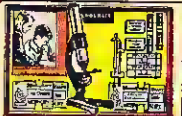
COMPLETE WOODBURNING SET

Woodburning Set contains 3 metal tips, 5 wood plaques, metal foil, paints, brush. Guaranteed, with complete instructions.



Official-Size • Official-Weight BASKETBALL

Sturdy valve-type ball. For in-door or outdoor use.



Complete MICROSCOPE OUTFIT

A precision-built Microscope Outfit. Has 60 power optical lens, slide glass and specimens. Don't miss this great outfit.



A genuine crystal radio. Build it. Use it. Listen to your favorite radio program.



An all-purpose Axe 'n' Knife Kit in double leather belt sheath. Axe and knife made of tough carbon steel. Great kit for outdoors.



"JET SWISHER" A Ready-to-Fly Jet Airplane

Nothing to build. Just attach wings, light, fuse and away it goes. Flies 500 ft. high. Comes complete with engine and jet fuel.



FULL SIZE UKULELE

plus Arthur Godfrey's famous "push button" player. Both given with complete instruction and song booklet.

OVER 70 GREAT PRIZES TO CHOOSE FROM

Those shown here plus Walkie Talkie, Walking Doll, Two-Gun Hektor Set, Pocket Watch, Simplex Typewriter, Football, Dresser Set, Daisy Training Rifle, Peirce, Knapsack, Roller Skates, Moccasin Kit, Pup Tent, Rhinestone Necklace, Sports Kit, Electric Jeep, Phonograph Records, Jr. Guitar, Printing Press, Shoulder Strap Bag, Boomerang, Bird Clock, Umbrella, Camp "Cookin'" Kit, Electric Games, many more.

Send Coupon for Free Prize Book.

I'M "UNCLE" HARRY

I Will Send You PRIZES Like These

WITHOUT ONE CENT OF COST

I have been helping boys and girls get prizes and earn money for 36 years. Shown here are just a few of the wonderful Prizes you can get without a cent of cost for selling my famous Christmas Packs. Any of these prizes or your choice of over 50 others shown in my Free Prize Book are given for selling just one order of 24 Christmas Packs at 25c a pack. Many boys and girls sell the Packs in one day and get their prizes at once.

Hurry - Be First in Your Neighborhood

It's easy to sell these Christmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each Pack contains 4 Christmas Cards, 4 Envelopes and 32 Sparkling Christmas Seals—40 pieces for 25c—a big value. They're so gay and bright—they sell on sight. When sold, send me the money and choose your prize from my Free Prize Book. Or, keep \$2.00 in cash for each 24 pack order you sell.

Send No Money—I Trust You

Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope to: AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 5, LANCASTER, PENNA.

Read What Wiley Johnson (Age 9) Says:

"Boy, when I look at all the prizes I got in a sports kit, axe and knife set, cookin' kit, knapsack, kumby knife, flashlight and fountain pen, I can hardly believe it. Everybody liked your cards. I sold six orders in less than two weeks."



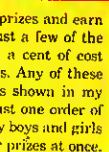
Here is What Maude Scott Says:

"It is fun and easy to sell your Christmas Packs. Everyone really liked them and they sold fast. I have orders for more. The prizes . . . and the extra money come in handy, too."

CHEM-CRAFT

CHEMISTRY SET

Amaze your friends with "Chemical Magic." You can perform eye-opening feats of chemical magic with this exciting new Chemcraft Chemistry Set. Magic book and instructions included free.



Professional Type Gunner Archery Set
A great outfit that contains powerful 50-inch Bow, 3 feathered Arrows, Target face and complete instructions.

ACRO FLASH CAMERA with Film



This swell outfit includes the camera, Flash Gun and two Film. Has Great Lens. Takes pictures black and white or color. Makes beautiful enlargements.

Here it is—THE GOLDEN TRUMPET



Heavy gold-plated, over 13" long. Play single calls, marches and songs without lessons. Case and instructions included.



PRETTY TRAVEL CASE

Overnight Case with removable tray. Has mirror, lock and key.



GOLD-PLATED LOCKET SET

Pretty necklace with matching expansion bracelet. Both gold-plated. Each locket opens and holds two photographs.

MAIL THIS—Send No Money

"Uncle" Harry Bard, AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
DEPT. 5, LANCASTER, PENNA.

Please send me your BIG PRIZE BOOK and one order of 24 Christmas Packs. I will resell them at 25c each, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____